

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

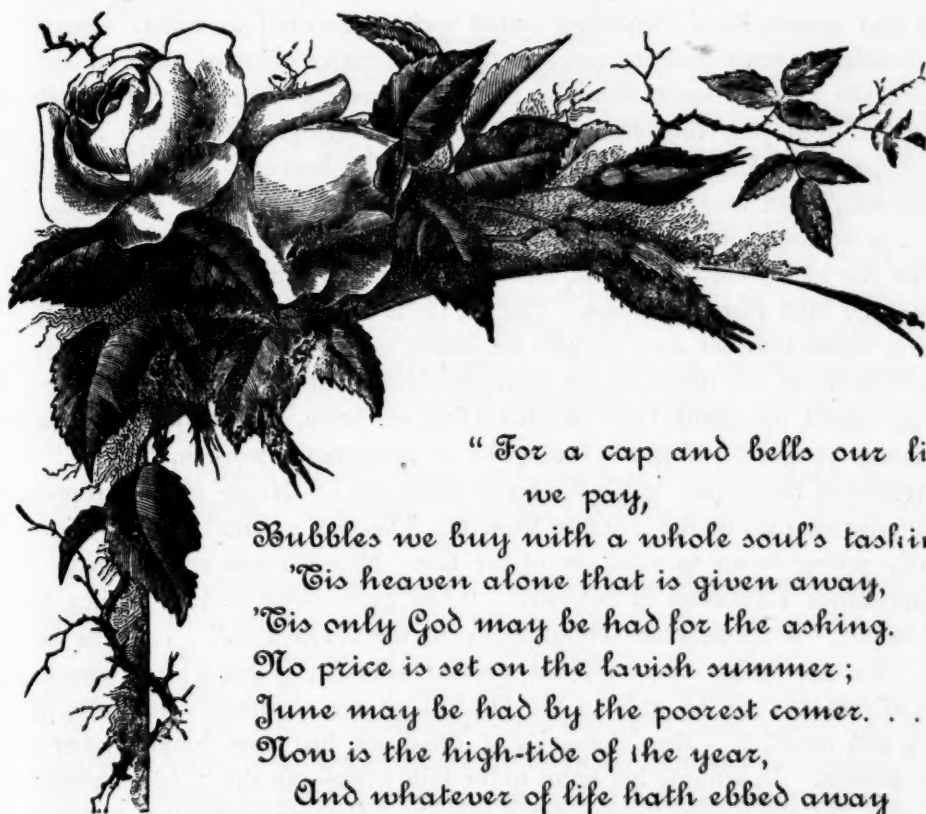
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 6.



"For a cap and bells our lives
we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer. . . .
Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it."

WORKING NOTES.

THE title sounds dry, we admit, but when the *work* is full of the spirit of June, the *notes* ought to sparkle. We all know how it is. Some months work lags, news is disappointing, friends seem forgetful, everything is at ebb tide; but a new day dawns, and all is changed, the tide is full. And yet God holds them all in his hands—the yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Cannot faith bridge the spaces from joy to joy? . . . As your treasurer and editor wrote with somewhat listless pencils, letters began to arrive as though distant friends of the W. M. S. had planned a “surprise party” for HELPER sanctum. There were literally “showers of blessing,” and directly we seemed to be in close touch with workers far and near. “Treasurer’s Notes” tells a part of the story. To the other desk came cheerful letters from the field—just too late for this HELPER; beautiful ferns and mosses from Darjeeling—what sprite whispered to widely separated missionaries to send such treasures in the same mail; offers of material aid in making the HELPER more attractive; friendly greetings like this, “I thought a few words from your Iowa friends might be encouraging. We always liked the HELPER, and see improvement all the time. May heaven’s choicest blessings attend you,” and many similar expressions, for which we return warm thanks. . . . A welcome guest, at this time, was the convention number of *The White Ribbon for Asia*, which contains, among other noteworthy articles, the stirring address by Miss Harriet Phillips. The W. C. T. U. report from the Midnapore District shows that our own workers are active soldiers in the temperance army. Miss Wile closes her report of the Bhimpore Union with “Our native people are getting waked up, thank God, so that 1896, we hope, will mark a new era in our Santal jungle.” Miss Phillips spoke of temperance work in Orissa, “the stronghold of the opium traffic.” From Santipore Dr. Nellie Phillips reported an interesting case of the eviction from the village of a Santal family who were secretly selling liquor in violation of the law. Miss Gaunce read a paper on “Temperance Education in Schools.” “The great need to-day,” writes Mrs. Burkholder, “is temperance school-books in the vernacular.” . . . Miss Scott says, “We are having unusually hot weather already; [April 6] very much in need of rain, but all the girls in the Orphanage are remarkably well, also Miss Smith and myself.” Miss Barnes is at Bhudruck just now, looking after the Bible women. In sending her letter to the little folks—not the “older children” this time, but the “mites”—she writes merrily, “If there is occasion to ask forgiveness for the delay, I do so humbly. I would fall down on my face and say *khe-o-ma kor-ra*, as the natives do, if you were here.” . . . Writing of her domestic science graduates, Miss Baker adds, “Although this class did not get to work till the first of January, still all of them had been in the cooking school two

years, and most of them three. They have also all had physiology with Mrs. Lightner, which I consider very essential. I do not graduate a girl from the cooking school till she has taken physiology, and, as they have botany the same year they complete the physiology, they are quite well prepared to cook and keep house intelligently." . . . The ordination of Miss Lizzie Moody, Western field agent of the W. M. S. and member of the HELPER publishing committee, will take place in Hillsdale, Mich., the last week in June. Only her personal friends know how bravely she has kept at work in spite of deep sorrow in the last few months, in which time two brothers have died. She and her home-mates will have the sympathy and prayers of HELPER readers. . . . The June number will be sent to those friends whose names were forwarded too late for them to receive a copy of the May HELPER.

AROUND THE WORLD.

CLARA BARTON, that young-hearted heroine of ripe and fruitful years, is undauntedly carrying out her plans for the relief of the suffering Armenians, in spite of criticism and inadequate financial support. She writes, "It is impossible to describe the joy of the desolate people in welcoming the relief parties."

Maurice de Hirsch, aged 63, who died in Austria recently, may or not have been the richest man in the world. That was and is a matter of quite little consequence. To him private fortune was a public trust. "All that we hold in our dead right hand is what we have given away." By this true rule this magnificent benefactor of humanity is, dead, as he was living, the richest of the sons of men. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

In Bishop Warren's pastoral letter, read May 2 at the great Methodist Conference, says a writer in *The Woman's Journal*, I find these statements regarding woman's work :

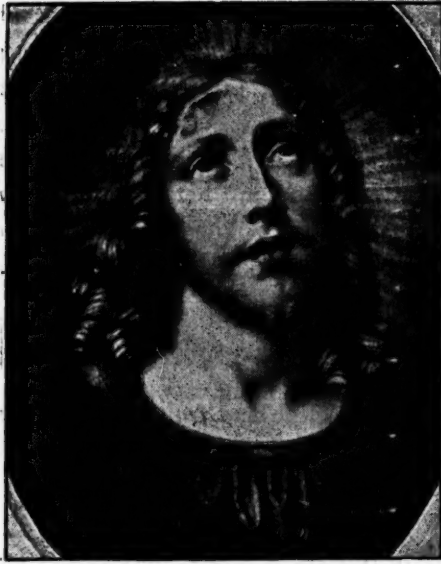
"For foreign missions women have collected one million, one hundred and fifty-three thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven dollars ; for home missions, seven hundred and eighty-six thousand, two hundred and sixty-five. All this during the last four years. They have fifty-one deaconesses' homes, fifteen of which are in foreign lands. These deaconesses work without salary, and have held eleven thousand meetings, and have cared for six thousand sick people."

Yet the seating of the four women delegates was hotly contested, and one noted D. D. declared that it would "disgrace the Conference" to "admit these women" !

Men and women have already worked together in three Free Baptist General Conferences. In spite of this fact the last one was pronounced the "best of all."

THE DREAMER.

BY ANNIE LIBBY HAWES.



"IL SALVATORE."

[Reproduced from "In the Path of Light," through the courtesy of the author.]

"Dear Lord," I said, "I would with thee
abide
Unto the end—with thee be crucified.

"Be mine the mocking robe and crown
to wear,
Mine be the taunt and blow—the cross to
bear.

"Let it be mine with failing sense to
hear
The crowd's reviling jest, the scoff and
sneer.

"Thus might men see how one e'en frail
as I
Could in the name of God find strength
to die."

Then spake our gracious Lord in love di-
vine:

"Full many are the prayers I hear like
thine;

"Full many are the souls that, like to thee,
Dream of a far off cross and Calvary;

"But who the alabaster box will break,
Who in Gethsemane with me will wake?

"Who asks to live, my daily lot to share,
The Nazarene's rude home, his toil and care?

"When loaves and fishes are but few and small,
Who smiling says, 'The Master knows it all'?

"The path that led to Calvary and to death
Began long years before in Nazareth.

"The bleeding feet they nailed unto the tree
First trod the stormy waves of Galilee.

"The hands that were before the world outspread
Had blessed for thankless multitudes their bread.

"Thou dream'st of death, O child, but dost thou take
And bear thy daily crosses for my sake?

"Dost feed and clothe thine enemy in need,
Dost meet with love thy neighbor's scornful deed?"

"Hast thou the closed ear oped, sealed eyelids raised,
Then been forgot, and yet said, 'God be praised?'"

"Nay, nay, 'tis not the bitter draught ye crave;
It is the women's tears, the rich man's grave,

"The temple's curtain rent, the darkened sky—
O thou who canst not live, how could'st thou die?"

"Arise, take up the burdens, day by day,
That all unseen are lying in thy way.

"Put by thy dreams, and ask thy God to give
Thee strength, that thou may'st learn with Christ to live."

So spake our Lord in tender love divine,
So speaks he to my soul, and so to thine.

THE SMALL SOCIETY.

BY FRANCES KIES.

I MEAN in point of numbers. Again and again this objection is brought forth as a plea for not organizing auxiliaries. I am sometimes prompted to say that this is the very reason an organization should be effected, for we know that, in this day of clubs and societies innumerable and for every purpose under the sun, there is an attractive power in organization, as by a magnet kindred spirits are drawn together for a common purpose, new enthusiasm is awakened, and the circle widens; other lives are touched and brought into sympathy and fellowship.

The small auxiliary is destined to grow if composed of the right material; it cannot help it. Flowers grow because of right environment and seed-germ vitality; so auxiliaries grow if two or three, filled with the Spirit, meet together to pray "the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest," to read the divinely inspired word and the record of past heroic efforts. No being on this earth can estimate the power of such a meeting; all are of one accord—that is not always the case in larger assemblies, and a note of discord will drive away the Spirit, the only source of power. Only a few are affected in large gatherings, even by the most eloquent speakers; that is, if we may judge by the change to be seen as a result in their lives, but in the little auxiliary meeting the weakest effort, judged by human standards, may have large results because we first of all claim the promise of Christ's presence, and what meeting can be called of little account with the Master present with power?

Perhaps the farewell message of Christ to his disciples is read from Matthew, 28th chapter, and then they bow in prayer. Their own friends, neighbors, families,

are not forgotten ; but as each presents her petition to the throne of grace, the other two breathe, if they do not speak, an "amen," and then in the sacred hush of the solemn hour, they unite in the Lord's prayer. If there is an unbeliever present he cannot fail to be moved ; indeed, in just such a meeting I have seen souls seek the Lord.

Then a few minutes spent in business ; the work of the auxiliary, Q. M., and state can be presented briefly, the collection taken, and a little time spent in work by turns, while the other reads aloud letters from our own missionary in the field, to whom our collection goes in part. Then from the *HELPER* we learn of the unremitting labors and self-sacrifice of those whom we as a denomination have sent to do our work, and as we mentally compare their self-denial with our own we are stirred, a new pledge is made, and then with full hearts we breathe short prayers for our brothers and sisters who are far away in foreign fields, and our ideal auxiliary meeting is over.

Such societies in every community, with a children's band in connection, would work wonders in our mission fields in five years. Information, inspiration, power, effective service, come from such gatherings. There is no seed so vital as missionary truth, sow it broadcast. People may resent the implied demand for money, but the obligation will stick in the conscience until by and by, as surely as God's promises are fulfilled, somebody will see the harvest ; perhaps only God and the angel reapers, but it is sure to follow.

Reading, Mich.

THE AMSDEN MISSION CLUB.

BY CHEERFUL WORKS.

VI.

NOT long after the conversation with Mrs. Keene regarding the club program, I took for my subject, one Sabbath morning, our denominational needs and the relation of the Woman's Missionary Society to them. I spoke with hearty approval of the Amsden Mission Club, and in highly appreciative terms of its pledge to support the pastor in efforts to interest the people in general denominational work. Then I explained the benevolence card indorsed by the General Conference of Free Baptists, and by the Woman's Society, showing how it could be used in the work of both. In closing this talk I suggested that the church and the mission club unite in appointing a committee whose duty should be to circulate the benevolence card in the interest of all our work. This suggestion was acted on a little later. Thus mission work became as regular a part of church work as were the Sunday-school and young people's societies.

During the fall of this year Miss Grand, who had just graduated from Bates College, made her home with her aunt, with whom she was a great favorite, so

I had a good opportunity of studying her character. She had a very attractive personality, which made one almost forget how she looked or what she said. But she was tall, dignified in bearing, a good talker and a good listener, tactful, and a born leader. Though she was always cheerful, I was sure something perplexed and even troubled her. Again and again a shadow would cross her face when we talked of life and its work. She insisted very strongly that young women should put their talents to the best possible use. One day I asked her what she meant by the best possible use.

"O, I mean that a young woman of energy and ability, capable of 'making a mark in the world,' as we say of young men, should not shut herself in a cloister, or go to the Fiji Islands to be eaten up by cannibals."

"Ah, young woman, you talk as though you are fighting some personal appeal," I said; and playfully added, "Who is appealing to you to go to the Fiji Islands?" Her face paled, and her manner sobered, and laying her head against my shoulder she said, "Pray that I may not let ambition stand in the way of duty." Instantly I saw opportunities for the Amsden Mission Club that I had never dreamed of before.

As the weeks went by, the mission club widened its influence, bringing new elements of strength to the church. One gentleman said he had never felt quite at home in Amsden until the F. B. church interested itself in world-wide gospel work! It was a rest from work and care for me to drop into the monthly meetings of the club, as I did regularly. I have been connected with other clubs, but none have ever interested me more than did the mission club of Amsden, and none have ever brought me in such close touch with real life. Young and old seemed to thoroughly enjoy these meetings; papers, songs, readings, current events, discussions, and even talks about every-day home life, gave such a variety to the programs as to remove every hint of tameness.

At the close of one of these meetings Mrs. Keene and I found ourselves alone in my study. It was evident that she had something to say, so I waited for her to begin. Suddenly she broke out, "You said, some weeks ago, that our mission club ought to have special work to do."

"Did I? Well, is it not true?"

Without a direct reply to my question she went on, "I did not intend to interest myself in missions, but since I have become convinced that I ought to do it I have studied the subject carefully, as the only way to know what to do. I find that the Bible department at Storer College is a very important branch of work, and under the control of the Conference Board, and ought to be amply provided for, so that the students may be well fitted for intelligent Christian work, especially as Free Baptists."

"True," I said.

"And our Woman's Society needs," she continued, "at once another strong young woman in India."

"Beyond question," I replied to the interrogative form of her statement.

"Why could not our church and the mission club conjointly take the Bible department, and the outfit, passage, and salary of this young woman?"

It almost took my breath away, but I hastened to reply, "A magnificent plan," because I knew what Mrs. Keene proposed would be carried out, there being not only the disposition but the ability.

"I am glad you are in sympathy with the plan, and I will propose it at the next meeting of the club and to the church."

"But where," said I, "is the strong, consecrated young woman coming from?" I suspect my voice had a touch of tenderness in it as I added, "Possibly the Amsden church and mission club may wish to have some voice in the choice of her."

"O, we have no young woman with capabilities for such a place;" and then a stern look shadowed her face.

"True," I said, "the young woman suited to such a position must have capabilities; indeed, must be good enough for America and not too good for India."

She lightly added, "The Woman's Missionary Society will be satisfied if it can get the money," and bade me "Good-night."

VII.

I soon learned that the church and society had agreed to unite in support of the Bible department and of a new missionary, and that Mrs. Keene had become personally responsible for one-half of the whole yearly expense.

Just then a letter came to me from the treasurer of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, saying Miss Grand of Amsden has offered herself to the Woman's Society as a missionary to India, modestly requesting that if she is accepted by the society, and approved by the Amsden church and club, it would be the greatest happiness of her life to be called the "missionary of the Amsden church and mission club." The treasurer finished her radiant letter, for she knew Miss Grand well, by saying, "You must be a happy pastor."

Indeed I was. But the woman superseded the pastor, and, laying my head on my desk I wept for joy and gratitude, in which plight Mrs. Keene and her niece found me.

I need not add that to this day, for I am still pastor, the Amsden church and mission club are happily united in their home and foreign missionary work. Most of the members are tithers, so we have money enough for all our needs.

As a matter of course, such a church cares for its own, and, through the very "height and depth and length and breadth" of its love, attracts to it those who are trying to find their way to Christ.

THE END.

BEQUESTS.

BY THE TREASURER.

It is a noticeable fact that most of the wills reported in the daily papers contain bequests for religious, philanthropic, or educational purposes. This growing tendency of people to use "the gold and silver" for the benefit of the world must give pleasure to every lover of humanity.

In saying this one would recognize family claims. Frequently the family dependencies are such that all a man or woman possesses by right belongs to the nearest of kin, or to those who have faithfully cared for them. None of us can fully respect a person who pays no heed to personal obligation. On the other hand, some of us know by experience how sweet are the memories left us by those who have remembered the needs of the world at large in their "last will and testament."

Bequests of all kinds mean, of course, wills, and every one with property to dispose of should have a will. *Do not live a day without one.* Will-making seems a hard task to many people, but when one gets used to the business it becomes as easy as any other duty. Another thing, if our wills do not suit us, they ought to be changed at once. If we take a right view of the matter a will never shortens life, and if we are careful to change it to suit varying needs it never binds us to anything we do not want to do.

In this connection I wish to urge the claims of the Woman's Missionary Society upon the attention of those making or changing wills. The form of a bequest to this society may be simply this, "I give and bequeath the sum of—— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine." Such a form would give the society the right to use the bequest in any way that its board might decide. Should one wish the bequest to be kept as a fund, the income to be used for the work of the society, and the fund to be named, or other specifications, then the conditions must appear in the will, as, "I give and bequeath the sum of—— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation in the state of Maine, to be named the—— fund, and only the income to be used for the work of the society."

Bequests have done and are doing much for the Woman's Society. They have saved us from debt and aided in enlarging our work. Rev. Mr. Curtis's bequest helped in sending missionaries last fall to India. Bequests made as

funds furnish an income of between \$1800 and \$2000 yearly. Three teachers in Storer College are supported from the income of one of these. As I looked into the faces of the pupils of this school a few weeks since, and remembered the man whose benevolence is affording them so much help now, the lesson of letting our lives live on though our giving was strongly emphasized.

Bequest-making in favor of the Woman's Society needs to extend over a larger territory. In quiet, tactful ways our workers East and West can help in this direction.

A gift or a will executed by one's self is a very satisfying way of dispensing charity. For want of space further reference to it must be deferred to another time.

Dover, N. H.

"A CENSER." *



INCENSE does indeed arise from this little volume—the censer which holds deeply religious heart-thoughts. We turn its pages lovingly, not only for its own sake, but also because of the long-time association of the author with all that we, as a people, hold most dear. "The aftermath of a busy life, that has been reaped close by the hand of care, leaving small spaces for the growth of the flowers of poesy," she writes of her work in the dedication; but many of its readers recall how, one by one, these flowers have blossomed in the pages of the *HELPER*, *Star*, and other publications, to be a pleasure, inspiration, or solace to not a few people, as we have heard them testify.

Mrs. Ramsey, as a writer, as a loyal worker in the Woman's Missionary Society from its beginning, and as the first lady principal of Hillsdale College, has a wide circle of friends by whom this collection of poems in permanent form has been looked forward to, and is now welcomed.

* Poems, by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey. 294 pp. Morning Star Publishing House, Boston.

The poems are divided into "Miscellaneous ; Sonnets, Hymns, and Poems for Special Occasions ; Legends and Tales ; In Memoriam ; Poems Written for the Young." Since few of the verses have the "singing quality" which marks the distinctively musical poet, a cursory reading might not reveal the real beauty of the lines. The thoughtful reader, however, will find a growing charm in the predominant stately and dignified measures. Here and there, such graceful verses as "Nutting Time" and "Spring" have a lighter movement ; but the author is at her best, we believe, in the devotional poems, where she expresses most spontaneously and helpfully her deepest thought. One is not surprised to learn that her father's ancestors were Huguenots, and her mother's Scottish Covenanters, as one catches the spirit of abiding trust, religious fervor, strength, and peace in every-day life, however stern ; and a joyful faith in the future, as expressed in the closing poem, "The Valley of Sunset." One of the most widely quoted poems is "Thank-Offering," which appeared first, if we mistake not, in the *HELPER*, but now travels as a beautiful unknown, without being credited to poet or magazine.

Through the courtesy of the publisher we are enabled to reproduce here the portrait which forms the frontispiece. The entire make-up of the book is very attractive, and no Free Baptist, at least, will wish to be long without it—containing as it does the true-ringing message of our own poet and friend.

AN EVENING IN CHINA.

[From time to time the *HELPER* is requested to give suggestions for missionary entertainments, distinct from auxiliary meetings, that would be suitable and attractive for a week-day function in which the young people could be interested helpers, and to which the public could be invited. The following "Evening in China" has been adapted from "Fuel for Missionary Fires," and could be utilized either as an evening entertainment, or—with a few changes—as an afternoon garden party. Through the inspiration of such a social gathering, many more people might become interested in the study of different countries as presented in the regular monthly meeting.—EDITOR.]

DECORATE the room with Chinese things—fans, lanterns, and especially banners and umbrellas. Very pretty transparencies which are quite Chinese can be made by making a light frame and covering it with some very thin white paper ; cut grotesque figures of animals, Chinese dragons, etc., from thin colored papers, and paste them carefully on the white paper. Brush the white surface over with a coat of oil to make it transparent. They are very much used for transoms and windows.

When a guest arrives a great hand-shaking takes place. (Chinese shake their own hands by placing one on top of the other and moving both up and down.) [See "Chinese Etiquette."]

PROGRAM.

Exhibit a Chinese woman's shoe. Talk, "Foot-binding in China."

Exhibit a pair of chopsticks. Talk, "Chinese Manners and Customs."

Exhibit a Chinese book. Talk, "Chinese Language and Literature."

Exhibit an idol. Talk, "The Religions of China."

Intersperse with music and other appropriate selections.*

If desired, refreshments may be served on small tables, as follows :

Use no tablecloth, spoons, or plates. If real chopsticks cannot be obtained, make some by splitting up a cane fishing pole. In China fancy dishes are served first, substantial ones last.

First Course. Tea (see directions below) ; preserved ginger, cut in small pieces ; dates ; lady's fingers, made long and narrow ; doughnuts the size and shape of a peanut with the shell on.

Second Course. Rice cooked without salt, and with the grains as little broken as possible.

When the guests come to the tables they should find on them four saucers, one filled with dates, one with lady's fingers, one with ginger, and one with doughnuts. Serve the tea immediately. The guests have no plates ; they eat from the common dish.

When the first course is finished carry out the teacups only (let the sweet-meats remain), and bring in a small bowl of rice for each guest. Serve the tea in tiny cups, putting the tea leaves into the cups at the table, and pour boiling water over them from a small Chinese teapot. Milk and sugar are never used, but sugar is sometimes offered to foreigners.

Nothing must be touched with the fingers at the table ; everything must be taken with chopsticks. The chopsticks must not go into the mouth ; the food must be tossed in. When all are seated at the table a great bowing begins ; each bows many times to the other with clasped hands. Then all begin to drink at once, and drink very fast.

 CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

WHEN last in this country the Rev. F. L. H. Pott, who is head master in St. John's College, Shanghai, gave to a *Tribune* reporter an interesting account of the way in which he receives a pupil. It gives one a good idea of Chinese etiquette. Mr. Pott said :

"You want to know how I receive a boy into the college? Well, the fathers of the boys at St. John's are usually politicians, merchants, or scholars. They are all Chinese gentlemen. Of course I have to adapt myself to the etiquette

* See poem, "A Lady," in May, 1892, HELPER.

of the Chinese, and so, when a father arrives with his boy, I escort them to my Chinese reception-room, where the father and I each shake our own hands most heartily and bow profoundly. I then say to him :

“ ‘What is your honorable name?’ ”

“ He replies, ‘ My mean, insignificant name is Wong.’ ”

“ Then I say, ‘ Please be seated,’ and point to a seat in the back of the room, at the left hand of the table—the seat of the greatest honor. He immediately takes the right hand seat, nearest the door—the post of least honor. I urge him to go up higher. He declares that he is unworthy. Then I catch hold of him to force him to go higher, and he takes hold of me to prevent it. We have quite a vigorous struggle, lasting some time. Finally he accepts a compromise, and takes a seat half-way up the side of the room. I sit down on the seat next lower.

“ Before beginning our conversation I send for tea and the water-pipe, and when they arrive I say, ‘ Please use tea.’ ”

“ When he has taken some tea and a puff from the pipe we talk. He asks innumerable polite questions about myself. A Chinese gentleman never comes to business for a quarter or half an hour. Time never troubles an Oriental. He begins by asking :

“ ‘What is your honorable name?’ ”

“ I of course, reply that my mean, insignificant name is Pott. The next question from him is :

“ ‘What is your honorable kingdom?’ And I am obliged, much as I dislike it, to say :

“ ‘The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America.’ ”

“ ‘How many little stems have you sprouted?’ he says. That is the way he asks how old I am.

“ ‘I have vainly spent thirty years,’ I reply.

“ Asking after my father, he says, ‘ Is the honorable and great man of the household living?’ ”

“ It is shocking, I know, but I have to answer, ‘ The old man is well.’ ”

“ Then comes, ‘ How many precious little ones have you?’ ”

“ I reply gravely, ‘ I have two little dogs.’ (The little dogs are my children.) The last question is :

“ ‘How many children have you in this illustrious institution?’ ”

“ My answer is, ‘ I have a hundred little brothers.’ ”

“ Then he comes to business, and says, ‘ Venerable master, I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge.’ ”

"The little fellow, who has been standing in a corner of the room, comes forward, kneels before me, puts his hands on the ground, knocks his head on the floor, and worships me. I raise him up and send him off to school, and arrangements are made about his dormitory, course of study, etc.

"The gentleman rises to take his leave. 'I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' he remarks.

"'O, no,' I answer, 'I have dishonored you.'

"As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, 'I am gone, I am gone'; and I reply, 'Go slowly, go slowly.'

"As I follow him to the gate in the garden he says, 'Please refrain your golden footsteps.'

"When we arrive at the gate we again shake our own hands, bow reverently to each other, and he is gone.

"Their politeness is sometimes carried to an extreme which seems amusing to us. I have seen five or six men enter a door at which they had chanced to meet. They all urge one another to go in first. And this ceremonious politeness is not confined to the upper classes. If two wheelbarrow men meet in a narrow path, and one has to go to one side to let the other pass, the one who kept the road will say, 'I have sinned against you'; and the other will reply, 'Don't mention it.'

"But, while they are exceeding polite among themselves, they are very rude as a rule to a foreigner."—*Selected.*

TREASURER'S NOTES.

YOUR treasurer has been busy of late with the "emergency women" plan. Over one hundred duplicated letters have been sent out, and as names are received more will follow. The replies thus far have been satisfactory. Some, of course, have refused to be enrolled, not seemingly because of opposition to the plan, but of necessity. One lady has written, "You never need be afraid to call upon me, and if I can help you I will do so," though she could give no positive assurance of help. For all such I shall make a special enrolment, as I know a letter to them will not be looked upon as an intrusion.

We now have thirty-five enrolled members. Some of these are women who have never been personally identified with our financial work; to these we give a most hearty welcome.

Some of the replies are so original that they may interest others as well as myself. The first letter was sent to a teacher. Her reply came at once, "I'll 'back' you with all the strength of my 142 pounds, not *sterling* but *avoirdupois*." The second answer came as promptly, "Thank you, and I will try to respond as the Lord may prosper." And the third, "It will give me pleasure to have my name in *so good company*." A young woman says, "I shall be very glad to have my name enrolled as one of the band of emergency women." An M. D., "Please

count me in"; and a professor's wife, "I gladly add my name to the list." One, with a hint at rhyme, says, "I'm yours truly in heart and hand, to help you carry out your plan"; and another, "I should be sorry to be left out." One to whom I suggested in pleasantry the need of being reminded of her denominational relationships, writes, "*You* to express such fears for *me!* I would ignore you and your cause after that—only that you and your cause are mine. Why, yes, put me down." I should like to quote more, but these indicate what pleasant replies I am receiving.

Only one objection to the plan has been made—a fear it will lessen the "heroic efforts" of the rank and file. Let no one fear this, as the "emergency women" are not to be asked to give unless there is an actual deficit at the close of some quarter, after regular appeals have been made, and then not oftener than once a year. It simply means that the treasurer can, when put to her wit's end for money, write to individuals soliciting it, without feeling that it may be received as another begging letter only fit for the waste basket. More than once during the past few years your treasurer has written such letters without knowing whether they would be kindly received or not. An "emergency woman" is one who has in substance said, "You may write me, and I will do what I can."

Many letters are not yet answered, so I hope, by another month, to furnish for the MISSIONARY HELPER an emergency list of at least sixty women, and before summer is over forty more.

TREASURER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE response to the call for names of persons to whom a sample copy of the May issue of HELPER might be sent was gratifying. The many friends who accepted the opportunity to thus place a copy of the magazine in the hands of those who are not its readers have our sincere thanks for the kindly interest shown, and also for the frequent expressions of commendation of our HELPER.

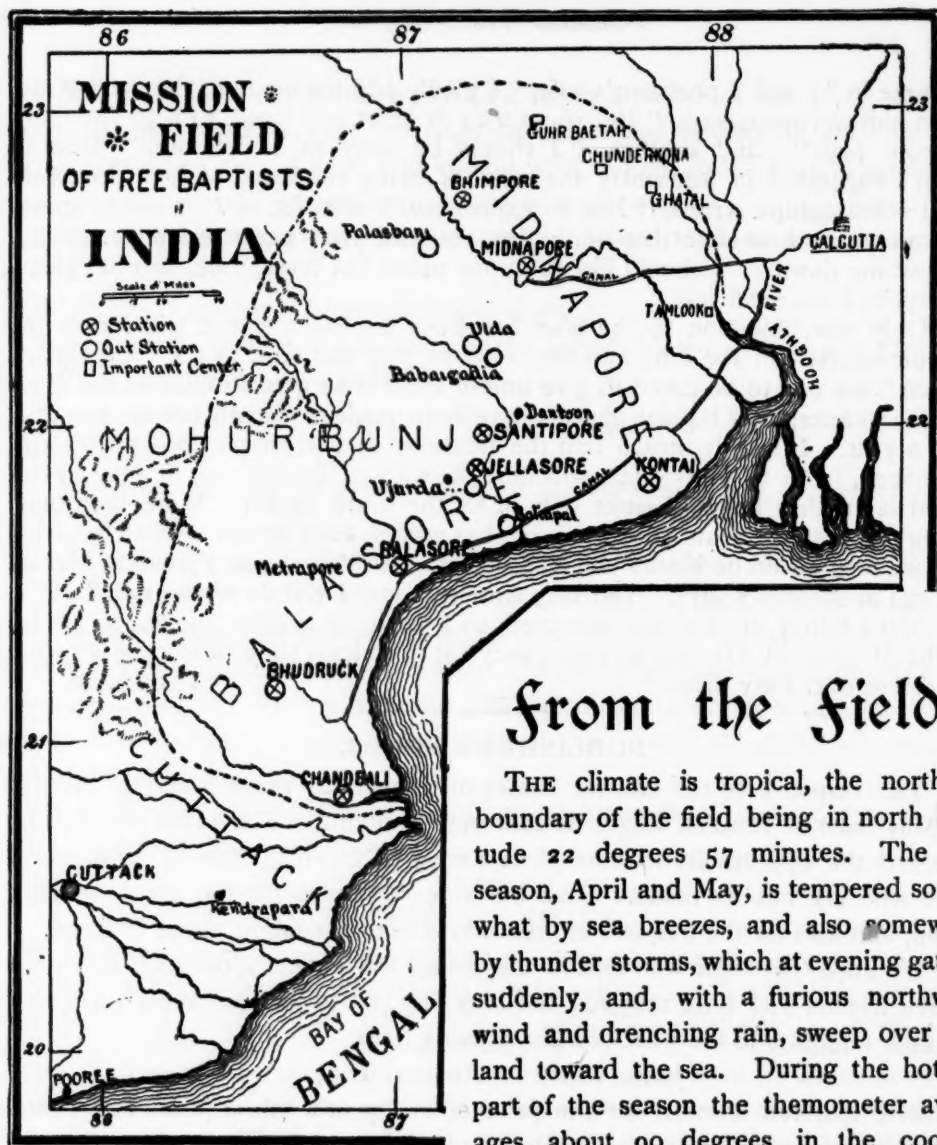
We hope that those who sent in the names will extend a personal invitation to their friends who have received the May HELPER to become subscribers, and call their attention to the offer of the magazine from

JUNE, 1896, TO AUGUST, 1897,

inclusive, fourteen months, for the price of one year's subscription, fifty cents. We wish also to recognize the kindness of friends who responded to our call for copies of the HELPER of February and June, 1892. As many copies have been received as needed. Thanks are extended to each donor.

We suggest to agents who receive the HELPERS in packages that they send in the *names* of subscribers, that we may mail the magazine direct to the post-office address of each subscriber. This would materially reduce the task of the agent, leaving to her simply the collection of subscriptions at the close of the year, and the securing of new subscribers. In this way the magazine would reach the subscriber more promptly than it possibly can through the hands of the agent.

ELLA H. ANDREWS,
Providence, R. I.



from the field.

THE climate is tropical, the northern boundary of the field being in north latitude 22 degrees 57 minutes. The hot season, April and May, is tempered somewhat by sea breezes, and also somewhat by thunder storms, which at evening gather suddenly, and, with a furious northwest wind and drenching rain, sweep over the land toward the sea. During the hottest part of the season the thermometer averages about 90 degrees in the coolest places in the houses, and about 105 degrees in the shade outside, and about 120 degrees in the sun. During the rainy season, beginning with June and lasting till in August with some rain till in October, the weather is close and oppressive. The average annual rainfall is five and a half feet. In October or November the cooler winter monsoon begins to be felt. With the change destructive cyclones sometimes occur. The lowest temperature in the cool season is about 55 degrees, and anything below 60 degrees is considered very cold. By the last of February the cool season is over. In March the heat rapidly increases.—*Free Baptist Cyclopædia.*

THE DEATH OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.*

[Letter from "Dr. Mary."]

One of our native Christian women, Mary, had been very ill, but about New Year's she seemed much better, and on New Year's day we celebrated the last of the three Christmas entertainments. This was for the outside, or so-called "Ragged Schools," one of Miss Butts's specials. About 250 children came to the school-house veranda. After some games and their Christmas presents Mr. Hallam talked to them in a simple way, and asked them questions, which were well answered.

When the children had been dismissed, we finished getting the things ready for the Christmas out at Palasbani, twenty miles away. There is a small church and Christian community there, and Miss Butts has a number of schools. They always get a Christmas, though late. Misses Butts and Coombs got off about midnight, going in the old rattan garry drawn by oxen.

The next night a little after midnight, Bennie came to my door, saying Mary was much worse, and if I would see her alive I must go then. I dressed and went to the house, where less than a year ago she was brought as a bride. It was a humble place, but a loving husband and mother-in-law had done all they could to make it a happy home for her. I found her lying on the bed, and a little fire near by on the floor. The husband was tending it, and the mother-in-law was sitting on the bed rubbing the sick one. By constant effort with the remedies I had brought she seemed a little relieved, but an examination of the lungs showed plainly that the end was not far off. As I sat beside her, sometimes feeling the pulse and sometimes doing what I could to relieve her, she repeatedly asked anxiously, "Shall I get well, Misse Baba?" I talked to her about the "many mansions," and asked her if she was afraid. She said, "No, not now." I saw she was sinking slowly, and wished there were some one else to talk and pray with her. Only the native pastor, Jacob, was at home, and he was not well, suffering from a bad felon that had been lanced three times, once in the palm of the hand. I hardly hoped he would get up in the middle of the night and go out in the cold, but I took Bennie and went over to his house. When I stated my errand his wife said at once, "He can't go; he is not fit to be out of bed." So I said no more, but when coming away he said, "I will go with you." So we carefully wrapped up the hand and himself, and went out into the cold, brilliant moonlight. The husband and mother-in-law were comforted by his coming, and by the talk he had with the dying one, and his tender prayer. He asked her if she felt ready to go.

* Contrast this death and burial of a native Christian with the picture, in Dr. Mary's letter in March, of the heathen natives left to die by the roadside, unministered to and alone, and their bodies prey for the dogs.

"Yes," she said.

"Are you at all afraid?"

"No, not now. I was yesterday, but I am not afraid to-day. The Lord is in front of me, I see him."

He spoke a few more words of comfort, and then in the still, beautiful night I went with the pastor back to his house, thanking him for coming with me and hoping the exposure would do him no harm. Afterward Mary slept a little, then waked, talked a little incoherently, and passed away at four in the morning.

When I went over to inquire about Jacob's hand he said he would try to conduct the funeral service, which was a relief to me. At the stricken home there was crying and mourning, the mother-in-law lamenting that the orphan girl whom she had chosen and brought home, and cared for so tenderly, should have gone away and left her desolate. The poor husband, in a quiet, manly way, was grieving in the corner.

Miss Coombs got home about noon, and we both went over to the funeral. The departed one looked as though she slept, peaceful and happy. Jacob was not there, and his son said he thought he was not able to come, but when I sent over word that the people had all come, and if he *could* be present it would be a great satisfaction, he got ready and came, leaning on his son Komal. He could not hold the Bible to read, so Ananta read for him, and then he offered a beautiful prayer which seemed to take us all up to the entrance of the golden gates, and comfort and peace came to our hearts straight from the loving heart of the good Father, who had taken his child home.

Midnapore, India.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM MISS COOMBS.

THERE were two conventions in Calcutta, from the 13th of February to the 19th, which called several of our missionaries there. The first was the Students' Convention, and was under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. of Calcutta. The other was the W. C. T. U. convention, and several of our women had parts. The Student's Convention was especially hopeful in that so many college fellows attended it, and the young people in many places are more and more interested.

We have a little branch of the W. C. T. U. here in Midnapore, and many of the women (native Christians) take hold well. Through their influence, with that of Dr. Mary, one of the shops for selling liquor was moved from its close proximity to several Christian houses, and we hope it may be utterly closed. It is a cause of much sorrow that there are some among us, who were formerly counted Christians, who through drink have gone back into darkness. There are three of these, and the women in the society pledged themselves to pray for

them every day. Two of them I have persuaded to come into my Sunday-school class. One had not been in the chapel for a long time before. I am hoping they may yet fully return. The promises of God are sure. Otherwise there would be little hope in working for these people. LAVINA C. COOMBS.

Midnapore, March 2, 1896.

CLASS HISTORY.

BY MABEL S. BRADY.

[NOTE.—All who are interested in the Domestic Science Department will be glad to read this bright little history by one of the girls in the graduating class. See the report of "A Charming Exhibition," in the May HELPER.—EDITOR.]

THIS small class of seven was organized a short while after Christmas as the graduating class of '96.

Only one day in a week could be given its members for their work, and you can realize with what eagerness and joy each Monday morning was looked forward to as the day of cooking. When that morning came, each girl would enter the kitchen with her apron on, pencil and paper in hand, and a smile on her face, ready for work.

The first thing to be done was to copy the receipts which the teacher had put on the blackboard, representing the morning's work. Then came the busy time preparing for work. If you could have looked into the kitchen about twenty minutes after the class had begun its work, you would have seen the tables strewn with many kinds of material, and every girl busy, some making bread, cake, pudding, or whatever articles there were to be made.

Every girl seemed to be happy, except now and then the housekeepers, as they for some reason had a dislike to their work. There were the dish towels to wash out, water to bring, the fire to keep up, all the dirty dishes to wash, and all those things to be done that are necessary for a housekeeper to do. There was one lady in the class who always let all the others know when she was housekeeper, for if any one happened to dirty even a spoon or dish that she thought was not necessary she would be sure to be reminded of it, and sometimes not only reminded of it, but—!

Thus it was from week to week, each girl took her turn at a different kind of work, and nearly everything was successfully made, except now and then a cake was spoiled or a pudding burned, or something of the kind happened.

But one morning two of the girls undertook to make a chocolate cake in layers. It was put together beautifully, and looked as though it couldn't be otherwise than a success, and was finally put into the oven. Eagerly the girls watched it. "How nicely it is baking," said one. "O, don't it look good," said another, and it was just as good as it looked; but, when the girls undertook to remove it

from the pans, then it looked nicer than ever. Did any of you ever try to remove a cake from a pan when it had burned to the bottom and couldn't be begged to come loose? If you have, then you know just how these girls felt when it fell all to pieces and sent its delicious odor to remind the inmates of the room that they had seen its best looks.

I won't attempt to say what the other girls were doing while this was happening, for you already know.

But they had one motto which in that kitchen served its purpose, and that was, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and that they did.

On an average the class has been very successful with almost everything, and what you see to-day is a sample of our work to show you what we have done, and we hope that what we are able to do here we shall not be less able to do elsewhere.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

WHAT STRONG DRINK IS DOING FOR INDIA.

[Extract from a paper by R. M. Julian at the W. C. T. U. Convention at Calcutta.]

WHAT has proved and is proving so great an evil to England and to Europe must prove as great an evil to India as the practice spreads. Our differences of color and race are only skin deep, the resemblances of our human nature are real, and what causes physical and moral degeneration to the one will to the other. Certain it is that the traffic in beer and spirits with England is one of the great obstacles in the way of missionary enterprise; for how can the people of this country respect those who are doing their best to foster the trade in strong drink, as Englishmen are; and how can they be expected to accept the Christianity that comes from the same country as the brandy? Whatever we may think of the Indian National Congress, it is certainly representative of India, and these are the terms in which a speaker at a recent Congress referred to this traffic: "While the east has taught the west mathematics, astronomy, and other sciences, in exchange the west has given us liquor-damnation instead of salvation. That really is a very good barter. We have bargained away our souls, and what have we in exchange? A bottle of gin or a glass of whisky." Another speaking at the same congress said, "But, in spite of all this, people have become more addicted to drink, because it has been thought to be an adjunct to civilization." Is not that largely the reason for the spread of drinking habits amongst the nations of this country? To take strong drink seems to be "an adjunct of civilization," and in following our western civilization the native is more ready to adopt its vices than to imitate its virtues. In dealing with drunkenness may we never forget two truths—that those with whom we deal are our brothers and sisters; and that for them Christ died as truly as for us. Eyes may be bleared, faces bloated, ways may be unlovely, but may God give us the clear vision to see in every actual sinner a possible saint, to see the divine in the grossly human, a palimpsest scrawled by the devil upon a manuscript of God.—*The White Ribbon.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

JULY.—SUMMER CHARITIES.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Singing. Prayer. Scripture reading, Ps. 104.

Talk, "The Fresh Air Fund."

Reading, "The Gift of Tritemius," by John G. Whittier.

Paper, "The Floating Hospital."

Reading, "Contagious Example." Article, "Vacation Camps."

Talk, Flower Missions.

General conversation.

REFERENCE.—Flower Mission number of the *Union Signal*, 5 cents. (The Temple, cor. Monroe and La Salle Streets, Chicago, Ill.) "Vacation Camps," *Review of Reviews*, May, '96. Illustrated article on "The Floating Hospital," in *The New England Magazine*, September, 1894, can probably be obtained by sending 10 cents to the Home Science Pub. Co., 485 Tremont St., Boston.

NOTE.—This should be something of a "holiday meeting," and the program can be varied to suit individual needs. Some auxiliaries may be able to have it in garden, lawn, woods, or park, in the midst of a social outing. A beautifully practical finish to such a program would be the pledge of each one present to give, according to her ability, some tired worker, invalid, afflicted, or any one less favored than herself, a special pleasure during the month—an outing, drive, invitation to the home, flowers, or a friendly call.

CONTAGIOUS EXAMPLE.

THERE is one good thing which Boston has copied from New York, and that is the Floating Hospital. When the season is the sultriest and hottest, it is estimated that babies die at the rate of one in every ten or fifteen minutes in the congested districts of these cities. It is surprising that the public, with such facts before it, has not awaked before now to the necessity of saving child-life in summer by means of sea air.

It was not until 1894 that the Floating Hospital became a real force among the many charities of Boston, and on Wednesday, July 25, the first trip was made down the harbor with sixty-two sick babies—mothers, attendants, nurses, and doctors swelling the number.

Among the many who applied at the gang-plank at nine o'clock that morning was a boy about eight years old. He had a shrewd, serious, aged face, marked like a man's with lines of responsibility. He had on a brimless straw

hat, a ragged coat, a patterned shirt in which the squares crossed each other, worn shoes, and ragged stockings. Under his arm was a violin, with a bow almost as long as himself. He was an Italian strolling musician, and wanted the exclusive musical contract for the excursion.

"I playa and take collection," he explained to the person in charge of the hospital. Beppo had evidently misjudged the crowd; it was plain that he thought that it was a common excursion, where there were ginger-pop and cookies and plenty of pennies.

The gentleman, rather amused at the idea of Beppo's getting pennies out of these pauper babies, and yet glad to have music on board to enliven the day, gave the boy permission to go, and in a few minutes he was fiddling on the hurricane deck with all the airs of a virtuoso.

After the barge had been out a short time, Beppo started to collect pennies, with his hat in his hand. He had been taught by his *padrone* never to play except for money.

He made his way among the reviving babies, careworn mothers, busy doctors, and nurses, pushing his hat before them in vain. He was surprised and disturbed because no pennies rained upon him, as is usual on excursions, and he went complaining to the manager.

That gentleman, used to misery and misunderstanding of it, tried to explain to Beppo what kind of an excursion this was. At first the lad did not understand it; but soon it began to dawn upon his foreign brain that this was a charitable enterprise, and that the people were too poor to pay; and that all the others on board were giving their services.

Then Beppo was seen to go on an inspection tour. The shrewd, hard expression began to change and soften, as he recognized poverty and suffering greater than his own. Pretty soon he came in front of a little colored baby, perhaps three years old, who put out its tiny chocolate hand.

Beppo was evidently touched. Everybody was doing something for the sick children. All that he could he did. He sat on the edge of a camp-stool and played to that black baby with his whole soul. With the love for music natural to that dark race, the baby listened, and all the while gazed up at the lad enraptured, as if he were looking at an angel.

But the pretty part of the story is not what the music did for the baby, but what it did for the musician. From that hour Beppo seemed to become a new boy. He had tasted the delight of giving himself, and had found it sweet. After that he would accept no money from the management, but begged to be allowed to come the next time and play to the poor babies as he had done on this excursion.

So they pinned upon his ragged coat the badge of the Floating Hospital, and during all the summer Beppo was on hand as regularly as the doctors or the nurses.

Once there was a book written with this title, "The Holy Contagion." The book treated of the Christian faith. But our simpler story reminds us how easy it is for the sacred contagion of helpfulness to spread.—*The Youth's Companion*.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living should illuminate parlor and kitchen, purify politics, open the pocket-book, and save the world.

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, I give thanks!

Last year, thou knowest, my best ambitions failed,
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed;
My eyes felt oft the sharp, salt wash of tears;
No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied.
Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide.

Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year my one lone ship came back to me,
A ruined wreck of what she used to be,
No cargo in her hold, storm-stained and scarred.
O Lord, thou knowest that it was hard, was hard,
To watch her drifting hulk with hopeless eye.
Yet in my desolation thou wert nigh.

Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year the one I loved the dearest died,
And like a desert became the wide
And weary world. Love's last sweet star went out;
Blackness of darkness wrapped me round about.
Yet in the midst of my sad misery
Thou lent'st thy rod and staff to comfort me.

Lord, I give thanks!

—Susie M. Best, in Lippincott's.

JOY IN SORROW.

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

I THINK one of the occasions when "the redeemed of the Lord" should "say so" is when God calls home those who are glorifying his name and hastening the coming of his kingdom on earth.

A little girl once said to her mother, "You've told us what a beautiful place heaven is. Now grandpa has gone there, and you are crying. I should think you would be glad grandpa is there, mama."

"Heaven is a reality or our religion is a farce." Are we not often very in-

consistent? Will the sisters pardon me for referring to my own experience. When my dear boy, in the bright promise of early, consecrated manhood, was called up higher, I found such wonderful comfort and joy in the thought that I was the mother of an angel, and that he had been so honored in being so early crowned, that, but for the haunting question (as old as humanity itself), "Was it the will of God, or was it due to causes that might have been prevented?" I could calmly, almost gladly, give my precious one back to the Giver.

A woman of the world said to me afterward, "I was never so convinced of the reality of religion as I was when I saw you." Yet when I tried to show my Christian friends the silver lining to the cloud through which I was passing, many of them could not understand, and I felt that some deemed me strange, almost unmotherly.

I had a very pleasant experience, however, connected with an article I wrote for the *HELPER* about that time. While attending the Bates College Commencement, at which I had once hoped to see my boy graduate with honor, I was making calls, and found myself by mistake (providential, I believe) at the wrong house. One of our sisters, a stranger to me, lovingly drew me in and told me how, from a similar experience, she was sympathizing with me in the ordeal through which I was passing. We had a very tender and tearful mothers' meeting all to ourselves.

After her own bereavement, which quickly followed mine, she had felt that she could not meet people; but was persuaded to attend a mission meeting, where she heard a poem of mine in which I contrasted our lot with that of heathen mothers, "who, hopeless, lay their dead away, feeling all our sorrow and knowing nothing of our Saviour."

"That was not a poem, only a few words of prose."

"It was a poem to me," she said. "I saw then how much I had to be thankful for, and I was comforted, O so much!"

There is a very wrong sentiment in regard to our sorrow for the Christian dead. Weep we must, but we have no right to rebel, and there is sweet comfort. "Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." There is a silver, yea, a golden lining to the cloud, if we will only seek for it. We may rest assured that death comes by God's permission, and so it is his will for us, even though it may seem due to second causes. "Be still and know that I am God," even though it means the sundering of the dearest earthly ties.

E. Corinth, Me.

GIVE men mountain-moving faith without love, and every mountain would be standing in the wrong place.—*Ram's Horn.*

Words from Home Workers.

LOCAL NOTES.

MAINE.—*Augusta*. "We are following the suggestive programs very nearly as outlined in the HELPER, and think them interesting and profitable." *Saco*. On a most inviting calendar of the Cutts Ave. church, the W. M. S. auxiliary announced an attractive program for their public thank-offering service, Sunday evening, May 3. *North Anson*. "We have recently organized an auxiliary to the W. M. S., with 14 members, but hope to increase the number." *E. Corinth*. "Mrs. Rebecca Gile, ninety years old, has earned and given \$1.50 to missions."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—"The Asso. Convention was pronounced one of the most interesting yet held. The 'thank-offering' service and HELPER received attention. One lady went home to try for five new subscribers."

IOWA.—*Orchard*. "We have a live auxiliary, very much interested in the great cause of missions. We meet every two weeks, have our devotional exercises; work and plan ways and means to carry on the interest of our society for the greatest good to all."

MICHIGAN.—"We take more HELPERS at N. Rome than ever before, and they never were so good." *Jackson*. "Our society has taken up the reading course, as outlined on the cover of HELPER, and has taken in 8 new members since beginning it."

IN MEMORIAM.

It has again seemed good in the mind of our Heavenly Father to remove from the W. M. S. of Litchfield Plains, Me., another of its beloved and faithful members, Mrs. Nellie M. Rogers, who died March 4, 1896. All who knew her unite in expressing admiration of her sweet Christian character, and wish to cherish her memory. We feel that the influence of her pure life while among us, and her triumphant death, rests upon the society, the church of which she was a member, and the entire community, as a holy benediction.

MRS. M. M. HARRIMAN.

MRS. J. R. SMITH.

MRS. A. L. BUCKLIN.

Money Creek, Minn. As our hearts are sad by the removal of one of our dear mothers in the church, and one who held the cause of missions very near her heart, we feel it our duty and privilege to write a few lines to be placed between your covers. Mrs. Rebecca Brann, aged nearly 80 years, was called home Feb. 28, 1896. Her heart was full of love for God's cause, her prayers ever ascending for the conversion of souls and for a blessing to those that love the Lord,

and she was a true, sympathizing friend. Her own words to one in trouble, "God bless you, you have our prayers," we return to her dear aged companion, and can testify that the Lord has power to give peace even to the stricken heart.

MRS. EMMA A. WOOD.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE FUND.

Mrs. Fullom	\$1.00
Mrs. E. O. Dickinson60
Previously reported	11.52

Total \$13.12

May 4, 1896.

MRS. CLARA E. SCHWARZ, 492 Pine Street, Providence, R. I.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

"If a book comes from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts."

"The Armenian Crisis in Turkey." The Massacre of 1894. Its antecedents and significance. By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 180 pages with map and illustrations.

The Armenian crisis in Turkey is not past. It behooves every citizen of every civilized country to study it intelligently. To this end there is no better text-book than this by Mr. Greene, who is thoroughly equipped for his task by residence, travel, and work in Turkey, by a personal acquaintance with underlying conditions, and by a mass of material to substantiate his statement. Dr. Strong, writing the introduction, says, "This is an important book. It deals with a burning question, and in a way which will command public attention and public confidence." The titles of chapters are as follows: A Chapter of Horrors (certified evidence of the Armenian massacre, with personal letters from residents); General Information about Eastern Turkey; The Chronic Condition of Armenia and Kurdistan; The Outcome of the Treaty of Berlin; The Sultan and the Sublime Porte; Previous Acts of the Turkish Tragedy; Islam as a Factor of the Problem; Gladstone on the Armenian Massacre; Who Are the Armenians? (their origin, history, church, language, literature, and general characteristics); Americans in Turkey, Their Work and Influence. Appendices. The historical matter of the book is of great interest, besides that which deals directly with the present crisis. The sad story in this little book emphasizes more than ever the truth contained in Gladstone's ringing speech, "Do not let me be told that one nation has no authority over another. Every nation, and if need be every human being, has authority on behalf of humanity and justice."

MAY MAGAZINES.

Magazines may come and magazines may go, but the *Atlantic Monthly* still moves on its classic way, rarely if ever falling short of the high literary character

established in those early days when the beloved "Autocrat" was a favorite contributor. Literary folk will turn with keen pleasure to "Memories of Hawthorne," by his daughter, in the May number, and to "Letters of D. G. Rossetti." Lafcadio Hearn, with his exquisite descriptive power, gives a delicate chapter on a phase of life in Japan—"A Trip to Kyōto." Olive Thorne Miller writes of "Whimsical Ways in Bird Land," and the current instalment of the series of impartial presidential papers is "The Presidency and Mr. Olney." "The Scandinavian Contingent," "Teaching of Economics," and the usual stories and poems make up a characteristically good number.

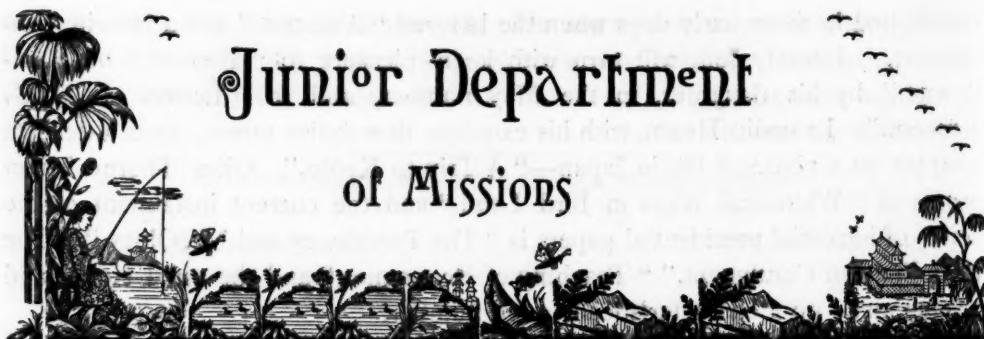
The *Cosmopolitan* presents itself with an attractive cover which incloses much readable matter enhanced by profuse illustrations. The three opening articles will be especially inviting to artists. The serial story, "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," by Frank R. Stockton, promises to be one of the most interesting ever written by that fascinating story teller.

In the May issue of *Table Talk*, that helpful magazine for housekeepers, is much of interest that is seasonable in the culinary line. Among the literary articles "A Lunch with Longfellow" is of peculiar interest, as giving a fresh glimpse of the kindness of the poet. The publishers offer any of our readers a sample copy, if they will send their address to Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Book News is always welcomed by the book lover and buyer. It has an artistic cover, detached portraits, accompanying biographical sketches, and letters on current literary events from London, Boston, New York, and Chicago. Quite a part of the magazine is devoted to book reviews and announcements of new publications from every field of literature.

MONEY has been well defined as that which can procure admission everywhere except to heaven and buy all things except happiness; and character has been called "the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil that we have made through life." Money cannot buy character. This is its supreme disability and the world's hope. The church has been called a society for making men like Christ and earth like heaven, and Jesus has been defined as the human side of the mind of God. From the reflections that such considerations cannot fail to suggest, mankind is slowly evolving that transformation of thought, purpose, and affection whereby we prepare for a higher and holier life.
—*Union Signal*.

I WONDER many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*S. Rutherford*.



BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

DEAR JUNIORS:—That "Roll of Honor" has grown so fast, like some of you who outgrow your clothes every few months, that it has outgrown the space given to it in the *HELPER*; but we do not say, like your mothers, "O, I wish it wouldn't!" No indeed; we say, "The faster the better." Only it cannot be printed in *every* *HELPER* now. We will try to have it in every other one, so you will know what to expect and can watch for it. It was an accident that it did not appear last month. We are sorry, but you know that "accidents will happen in the best regulated of families." If you should send your names and money to the treasurer, and then should not find them in the Roll of Honor, that would be an accident, too, and I should want you to write me about it, so it could be set right.

Please send report of your societies and bands to this department of missions, which is your very own to make as interesting as possible.

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR JUNIOR MEETING.

Africa.—Let each meeting be varied and interesting, with maps, illustrated talks (using pictures from magazines and papers), marching songs, sentence prayers, and collection exercise.

One week in advance the leader should prepare a series of questions on "Africa," from the Notes in May *HELPER*, and any other source, giving one to each member to answer at the meeting.

How are the babies treated in Africa? (See "A Mabeya Baby.")

Stories of noted missionary heroes to Africa.

Reading, "Cicero's Call." (Leaflet, 2 cts., send to Mrs. Schwarz, 492 Pine St., Providence, R. I.)

Who can tell something about Storer College? Where is it? What is it for? How can we help?

THE NEGRO BOY.

BY MRS. D. W. THOMAS.

Say, boys, I've seen a Negro lad,
His face was awful black;
He wore no boots, a ragged hat,
And little on his back.
Why is it when the white boys play,
The black one can't come in?
Papa says it is custom's way,
Mama says it is sin.

The Hand that made one white and fair,
Made the black another way;
Just as God made the dark for night,
And then the light for day.
We did not choose, God made us so;
And now shall we blame him?
Let's take his hand, nor be ashamed,
With tears our eyes are dim.

When Jesus came into the world,
Man's heart was black with sin;
Christ opened wide his heart of love,
To take the wanderers in.
So we will open wide our hearts,
And give the blacks a place;
Nor ever think it is not right
To be another race.

Big Bend, Wis.

TO THE CHILDREN FROM THEIR MISSIONARY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—First of all, lest some of you have not already heard, I want to tell you that the things which were sent by Miss Coombs for the work were received in February. They were all nice and useful, and we thank you very much for your efforts to help us in the work for the children in India. To all who helped prepare and send the various articles we send, in their name, many loving "no-mas-kars."

There is a little native boy here of whom I will tell you. His Oriya name means "truly beloved." His mother was formerly in Sinclair Orphanage at Balasore, and he was born at Santipore, where Mr. and Mrs. Wyman now live. In a short time God took his mother to heaven, so our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Ager, adopted the tiny baby as their very own. He is a bright little fellow, and is learning Oriya and English at the same time. He calls me auntie, and talks about "auntie's horse Jim" and "auntie's dog Bruin" as naturally as if he were a little English boy, and the next minute he will tell you something in Oriya, or in a mixture of both languages.

The 2d of April he was two years old. I gave him a doll out of the box you sent. It has a red dress with white collar and cuffs. Perhaps the little girl who sent it will read this and be glad to know who has the dollie she sent. And he had a birthday party. There were twenty-one little brown guests. Mrs. Ager and I played "drop the handkerchief" with them. It was a new game, but they soon thought it was fine fun. After the play they came and sat in a row on the veranda and sang a verse of a hymn they had learned at school.

Then each one was given some parched rice and two kinds of native candy, for which they used the end of their cloth as plates.

Now, when you pray for the children in India, will you remember to include this little black-eyed boy? Pray that he may grow up to be a good and educated man, and especially that he may be a *real Christian*, who will be a great help in leading his own country's people to know and love the Saviour.

Your missionary with love,

EMILIE E. BARNES.

A MABEYA BABY.

POOR little baby! He has a hard time from the day of his birth until he is old enough to take care of himself. Instead of being wrapped in soft, warm clothes, and put to sleep in a nice soft bed, he is well oiled and laid down on some bare poles, which serve as a bed. Sometimes he may have a piece of muslin thrown over him.

If he doesn't want to sleep, and cries—well, he may cry on until he is tired. If he is sick and cannot eat the coarse, common food offered him, he may go without, for his mother does not understand preparing nice things for him. If he is very sick the "witch doctor" is called in, and declares that an evil spirit has entered the child, and must be driven out; perhaps he will force some horrible stuff down baby's throat, which sometimes kills it. Other times he will cut its little body in hundreds of places with a razor, or perform some ceremony to drive away the spirits. The poor helpless little one may have to submit to any one or all of these methods of "treatment" any time he falls sick, and only the strongest babies can survive repeated "attacks of doctor."

Indeed, "the doctor" is about the worst foe baby has; for he never has measles, scarlet fever, mumps, diphtheria, or any of those diseases that children in America have; but very many of the African little folks die from bronchitis, which comes from cold caught by having no clothes to wear by day and no warm bed to sleep in by night.

Baby clothes do not cost much, for when he is born just a string of beads is tied around his waist, and when he is a few months older another string of beads is tied around his waist. These are generally all the clothes he has until he is about five years old, when a little strip of cloth is tied around his waist. But there are some advantages in this, because he can play in the dirt or water as much as he wishes, and his mother need never reprove him for 'soiling his clothes.'

It is very amusing to see the babies rolling about on the ground until they are covered from head to foot with dust and mud. Then off they toddle to the

river or surf, and plunge in and splash about, puffing and blowing like little black porpoises, but as happy as can be.

As it is always summer there, the water is warm enough for them to bathe in the rivers and sea all the year around. *Over Sea and Land.*

ROLL OF HONOR.

Miss Emilie E. Barnes's salary—shares \$4 each.

Children's Mission Band, Campbell Hill, Ill.	2 shares
"The Little Helpers," Nashville Center, Minn.	2 shares
"Cheerful Workers," Nashville Center, Minn.	2 shares
Juniors of Elmwood church, Providence, R. I.	1 share
"Cheerful Givers," Scranton Ave. church, Cleveland, O.	2 shares
Children's Band, Mason, Mich.	1 share
Infant Class, Main St., F. B. S. S., Lewiston, Me.	1 share
Junior A. F. C. E., Portsmouth, N. H.	1 share
Class No. 5, Winter St., F. B. S. S., Haverhill, Mass.	1 share
S. S. Paw Paw, Mich.	1 share
S. S. West Farmington, Me.	1 share
Class No. 8 F. B. S. S., Dover and Foxcroft, Me.	1 share
Mrs. Mira H. Brayton, Park Street church, Providence, R. I.	1 share
Two primary classes, F. B. S. S., Greene, Me.	1 share
'Emilie Barnes Mission Band," Kingston, Mich.	1 share
Irving E. Dennis, Monticello, Wis.	1 share
Infant S. S. class, Scarboro, Me.	1 share
Junior A. F. C. E., Gonic, N. H.	1 share
Mission Band, Amesbury, Mass.	1 share
Friend in Maine (for children who cannot own a share)	1 share
"Willing Workers," North Lebanon, Me.	1 share
Mission Band, Highland church, Michigan	1 share
F. B. Mission Band, Manton, Mich.	1 share
Juvenile Mission Band, Highland, Mich.	1 share
Junior A. C. F., Rochester, N. H.	3 shares
Junior A. C. F., Melrose Highlands, Mass.	1 share
Junior C. E., Poland, N. Y.	1 share
Portland, Me., 1st F. B. church, Junior Endeavor Band	2 shares
Thorndike, Me., S. S.	1 share
So. Parsonsfield, Me., S. S.	1 share
So. Parsonsfield children	1 share
1st Brunswick S. S.	1 share
Alton, N. H., Junior A. C. F.	1 share

"The little weavers of the world
Are weaving! weaving!
Our hands are weaving all day long,
Our voices, too, in word and song,
The silken net that binds in one
All lands that lie beneath the sun,
The silken mesh, as white as light,
To wed the lands with ribbon white."

THE JULY "HELPER"

will contain an illustrated article on the use of the sand map in mission work, especially in representing our Balasore station, India. Extra copies can be obtained, at 5 cts. each, of the publisher, Mrs. Ella H. Andrews, 122 Vinton St., Providence, R. I.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for April, 1896.

MAINE.

Augusta aux. for native teacher	\$7.00
Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. for Miss Coombs's sal.	10.00
Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. S. S. first instalment on share in Miss Barnes's salary	1.00
Brownfield aux.	4.00
Dover Mrs. N. W. Whitcomb bal. pledge F. M. debt and bal. L. M. Me. W. M. S.	2.00
East Otisfield aux.	3.00
Farmington Q. M. aux. for support of Elizabeth in S. O. and on L. M. of Mrs. S. A. Roys of Me. W. M. S.	8.00
Houlton Miss Jessie Hooper for widow's home in Midnapore	25.00
Kingsfield W. M. S.	6.75
Lisbon aux. for Miss Coombs's salary	24.00
Lisbon young people's soc. for Miss Coombs's salary	12.00
Limerick aux. to complete L. M. of Mrs. Emma B. Nason	9.12
Portland 1st F. B. ch. aux. for Balasore work to complete L. M. of Mrs. M. M. Jose	10.00
Portland 1st F. B. ch. Jun. End. Band 2 shares on Miss Barnes's salary	8.00
So Parsonsfield S. S. 1 share on Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
So. Parsonsfield children 1 share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Thorndike S. S. 1 share Miss Barnes's sal.	4.00
Wells Branch Mrs. J. A. L.	1.00
W. Hollis aux. for F. M.	5.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alton Junior A. C. F. for 1 share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Center Sandwich Y. P. Miss. Soc. on salary of Bible teacher	9.00
Contoocook for W. M. S.	7.00
Milton ch. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M.	8.00
Milton Junior A. C. F.	6.00
Nashua E. H. Perkins	2.00
Sutton for W. M. S.	4.00

VERMONT.

E. Randolph W. M. aux. for Mrs. Smith's salary	10.00
Stowe S. M. Colburn on Mrs. Smith's salary	1.00

CORRECTION.—Credit in November receipts, and correction in January receipts, should have been Owego—not Oswego—Q. M., N. Y.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston Mrs. C. E. Swan	\$5.25
Lynn W. M. S. for native teacher	6.25

RHODE ISLAND.

Greenville aux. for Hattie Phillips's salary	5.00
Greenville aux. for Ind. Dept.	5.00
North Scituate aux. for Ind. Dept.	2.50
Olneyville junior for Beebe Phillips	12.50
Pawtucket Y. P. S. C. E. for Beebe Phillips	5.00
Pawtucket aux. for Ind. Dept.	10.00
Pawtucket aux. for Hattie Phillips's salary	10.00
Providence Roger Williams Y. P. S. C. E. for Beebe Phillips	37.50
Providence Roger Williams juniors for Beebe Phillips	13.00
Providence Park St A. C. F. Soc. for Beebe Phillips	10.00
Providence Park St. aux. for Hattie Phillips's salary	5.00
Providence Park St. aux. for Ind. Dept.	5.00
Providence Miss L. Ralph, Miss C. Law, Mrs. L. B. Stillman all for zenana work	25.00
Taunton aux. for Ind. Dept.	3.00
Taunton aux. for Hattie Phillips's salary	5.00
Taunton "Willing Workers" for Beebe Phillips	8.00

INDIANA.

Lagrange Q. M. W. M. S. for Poo Nee in Mrs. Smith's school in India	11.00
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ILLINOIS.

Murphysboro Junior A. C. F. for Miss Barnes's salary	1.50
Pleasant View W. M. S.	2.00
Tamaroa Children's Mission Band	3.00
Tamaroa W. M. S.	5.50

COATICOOK, QUE.

F. B. W. M. S.	1.00
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Total \$396.96

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.